The Bystander, April 20, 1921. No. 907. Vol. LXX.

The BYSTANDER

BY ALFRED LEETE

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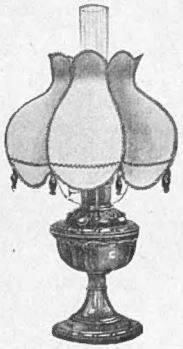

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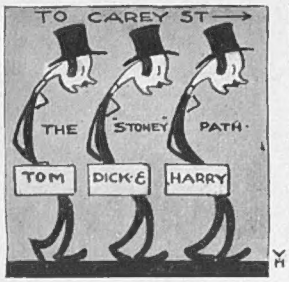
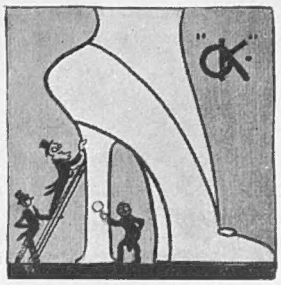
BYSTANDER COMMENTS.

We understand that soon we may have longer drinking hours



There's a record boom in Bankruptcy, that's that!



High heels for Eve are now considered healthy and hygienic

By Victor Hicks

And Dame Rumour's busy talking through her hat

"Business as Usual"

One of the worst effects of strikes and prospective strikes is the way they unsettle folks whom they don't—immediately—trouble very much. I mean, there's a deal of business that can still very well be carried on if those engaged therein make up their minds to it, somehow or other. "Business as usual" did sterling work as a slogan in the early days of the War, even if later on the phrase was used with irony in reference to profiteers. There's not, thank heaven, very much chance for anybody to profiteer out of a strike. But the week-end brought back much of that queer excitement which one remembers in the first month of the War, enhanced by more than a sprinkling of khaki about the streets of London.

General Opinion

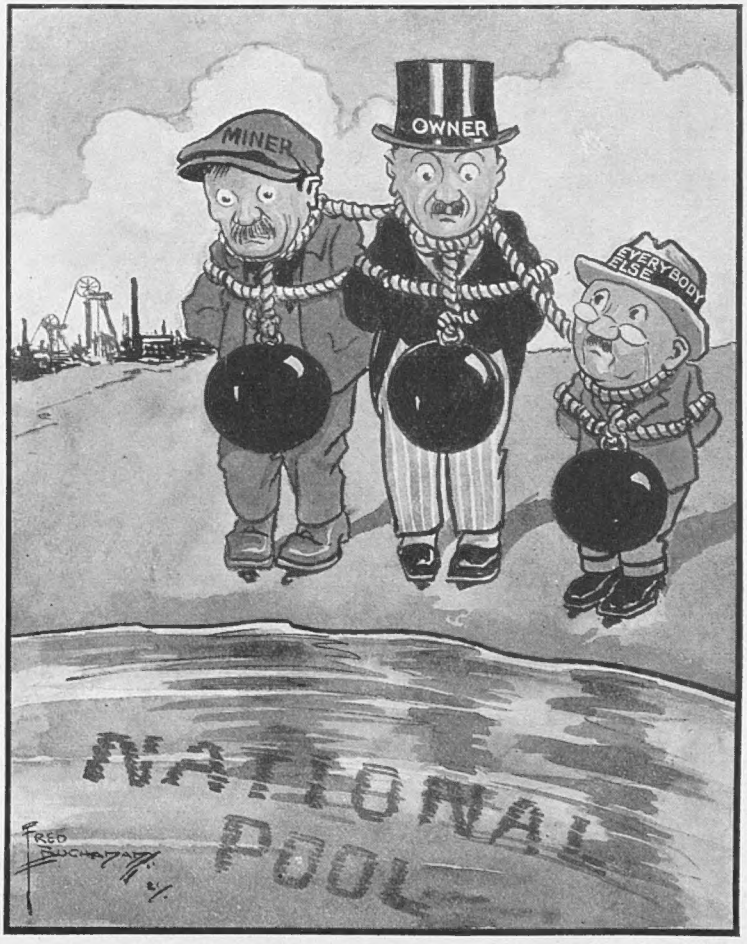
After all, it is not so very many years since we got on quite well without either railways or oil fuel, and even if there are no transport workers to use it we still have the petrol, and plenty of men with the knowledge how to use it who have been out of jobs too long to worry about being so-called "blacklegs." During an upheaval of this sort there are only two alternatives—carry on with your own business, or if at length it becomes impossible, help to carry on the nation's by "joining up." That is the view, I believe, of every "white" man in the country.

The Real Issue

Commentators in some portions of the Press have been at pains to point out that the real issue of the strike has been not a question of "wages," but of the "pool." The shrewd observer will go a little further. The real issue has all along been whether the extremists of the Labour Party in the House of Commons, who, for all their big talk, are still heavily in the minority, or the Government, who, whatever their shortcomings, were put there by the people of this country, are going "to run the show." In other words, whether we are going to remain sane, or bore a channel tunnel for Bolshevic tumbrils.

Optimism

To believe that every cloud has a silver lining may almost be said to be an article of our faith. In the very gloomiest of circumstances we are urged to find something over which we may rejoice, or, at least, in which we may take some comfort. It is the philosophy which, when one of our legs is broken, bids us be of good cheer because the other one is unhurt. It is obviously a philosophy more easily applied to the troubles of others than to our own.



"POOL TOGETHER"?

By Fred Buchanan

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

"Blessings" of the Strike

IT might seem difficult, even impossible, for anyone to find comfort in such a philosophy when the "Triple Alliance" declared that it was going to strike in support of the miners. There is no need at this time of day to dilate upon the sheer calamity of this. It must be obvious to anyone with even the rudiments of a thinking mind. Even the men who were guilty of it seemed, for the most part, to recognise this—which in itself might be regarded as something in which we might take a little comfort. But there were simpler philosophers who could see a more actual lining of silver even to such a cloud as this.

Finding the "Silver Lining"

FOR instance, a friend of mine who was lunching in one of the big clubs one day last week, found himself being attended to by a waitress who used to look after him in the days of war. "What are you doing here?" he asked her. "Robert came back when he was demobbed," said she, "but now he's been called up again, *and this time I hope he'll stay called up.*" Here was at least one young woman who found a silver lining even to the cloud of a general strike, and there are doubtless many others like her.

A Pardonable Philosophy

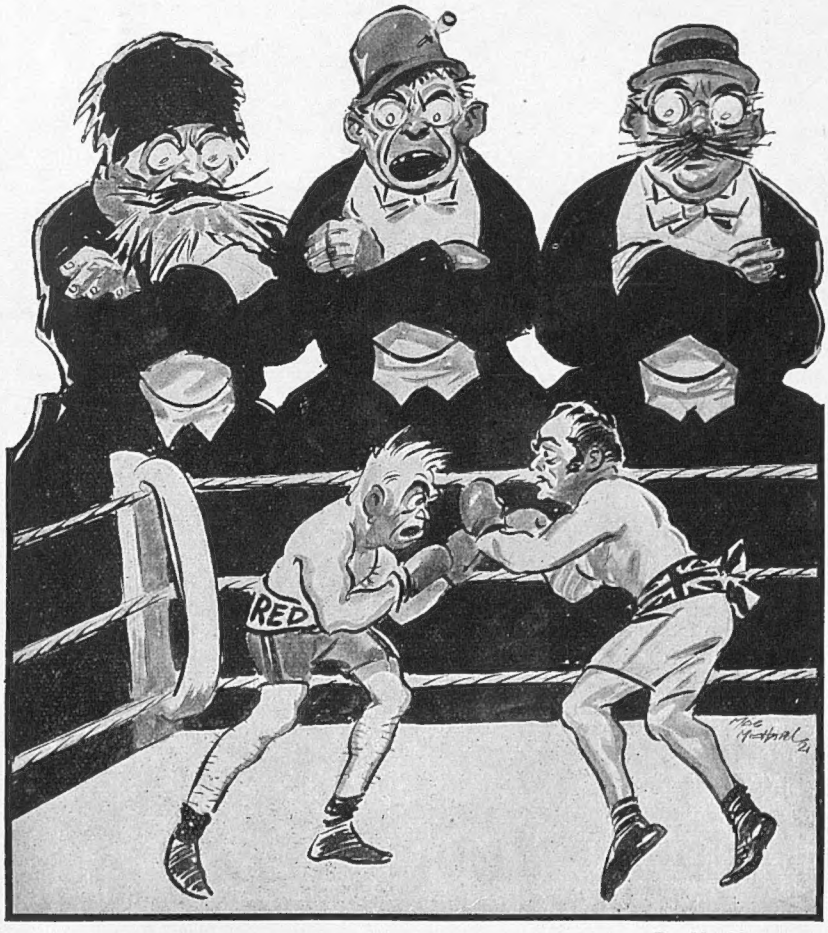
INDEED, it has been impossible not to notice the air of almost positive cheerfulness during these black days in, at any rate, one part of London. It is the neighbourhood of one of the big park encampments. Army lorries dash about with cheerful-looking soldiers on them. Bodies of soldiers—I have seen them from 100 to 5,000 strong—march down the street, and the boys and girls keep in step with them, exchanging greetings and looking ever so exhilarated. In fact, you cannot have a lot of British Tommies about a place without having at the same time a general air of bustling cheerfulness. It is a pardonable philosophy to find Tommy a silver lining to any and every cloud. We must sadly admit, however, that such a silver lining implies a very black cloud.

Tenpenny Shillings

THE pound note is worth so little, in spite of falling prices, that it is difficult to estimate the exact value of a two-hundred-and-fortieth part of it, or one penny. But never more than to-day have we been forced to obey the old adage and look after the pennies, hoping that the pounds will look after themselves. And here is the Manchester Chamber of Commerce talking about making ten pennies equal to a shilling. Now it is all very well to say that this would increase the value of the penny. Theoretically, no doubt, it would. But in practice, for us poor penny-watchers, it would not. Instead of one-twelfth of a shilling we should have to give one-tenth for a box of matches, say, or a bun, or for any of the few things which we can still purchase for 1*d.* This is no time to be playing with our pennies

Choir Practice for All

IN a newspaper discussion upon the question of why church music is so bad, a "musical" vicar suggests as one reason that "the average worshipper, above all things, likes to 'join in.'" Well, why not? The singing is part of the worship, and one can hardly blame the "average worshipper" for wanting to do his bit. That's what he is there for. And, as a rule, the average worshipper sings about as well as the average church choir. He might, perhaps, well be content to leave all the singing to the choir when it is such as that of Westminster Abbey. But I see that the Abbey organist has started choir practice for the congregation every Sunday evening. A good tip this for the average "musical" vicar.



By MacMichael.

LAST WEEK'S CRISIS AS VIEWED BY SOME PEOPLE

Swayed by Song

I WOULD not presume to thrust my layman's advice on vicars, "musical" or otherwise. But I fancy most of us must have observed that the congregations most powerfully swayed by the preacher are those whom he is able to make join most heartily, even noisily, in the service. The Salvation Army occurs to one's mind at once. I once

By E. T. Keed

HOW IT'S DONE; OR, THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE "CANARD"

1st Idiot: "I say! *Have* you heard that Lenin and Trotsky have landed at Pegwell Bay with five million Chinese cut-throats?"

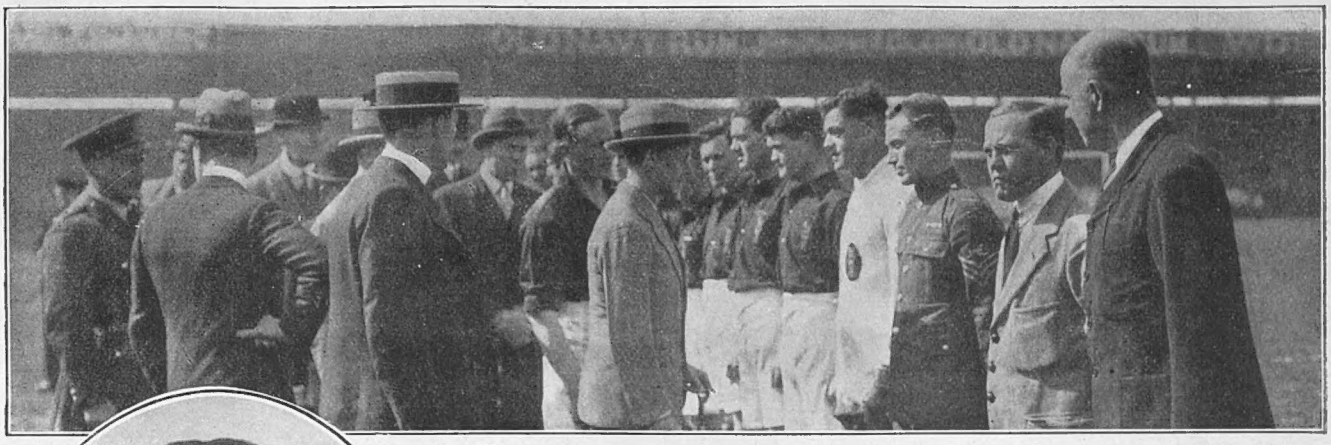
2nd Idiot: "No-o!!!" Have *you*?"

1st Idiot: No, *I* haven't"

saw a nigger "revival" meeting in Virginia. It was always in the middle of some hymn that all were singing at the top of their voices that the "finders of grace" flung themselves, headlong very often, into the place appointed for them.

A Weird "Revival" Meeting

That was twenty odd years ago, when rag-time, cake-walks, and nigger music were practically unknown on this side of the Atlantic. But I heard and saw them at this weird service. For the most part the negroes, who filled the church, would sing in harmony in that rich, melodious way with which the "Christy Minstrels" made us familiar. But from time to time the "revival" preacher, a white man, after stirring their feelings to the depths, would cry, "Now sing me one of your own songs!"—and the whole congregation would break into a strange chant to which there seemed to be no words. Sometimes it was a nasal droning suggestive of the bagpipes—then there would be indescribable, inarticulate cries. But always there was the rag-time rhythm, the syncopated time now so well-known to us all. The converted jazzed and cake-walked in a kind of frenzy to the seats of the saved. But let me not be supposed to recommend this sort of thing to respectable Anglican "musical" vicars. Still it shows what can be done by congregational singing.



Photograph *Central News*

THE PRINCE AT THE ARMY *v.* NAVY FOOTBALL MATCH

The Prince of Wales was present at the football match last Wednesday, when the Army beat the Navy by 3 goals to 0. He is here seen shaking hands with the Army team

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

A DÉBUTANTE

Lady Mary Thynne, the charming daughter of the Marchioness of Bath

Photograph *Bassano, Ltd.*

LADY BARBARA BINGHAM

Who will shortly make her début, is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lucan. Her father has had a distinguished military career, and is Lord-in-Waiting to the King

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Gleam in the Coal-Dust

If you believe all that you read in the newspapers you would think that the miners and the mineowners werethe deadliest of enemies. But that is what the extremists, who are aspiring to be Trotskys and Lenins, want you to believe.

A certain noble earl who owns a good many coal mines in Lancashire is the president of a brass band whose members are all his own colliers. He has a pretty taste in music—that was the reason why he was asked to be president. Some little time ago the band secretary wrote and asked if he would be photographed with the band.

Not at "Brass Rags"

Of course, the noble president said yes; a date was fixed. But when the day came the Lord-High-Mightinesses had ordained a strike.

The obvious is that relations between the brass band and its noble president would be what they call in the Navy, "brass rags." But, bless your heart, nothing of the kind! The noble owner kept the appointment. The band was, perhaps, a little awkward and shamefaced, but the photograph was taken with the noble president in the middle.

Another Gleam

And here is another instance of the immediate, one might almost say the instinctive, response to a "sporting" acceptance of unpleasant facts. A Scottish mineowner received a telegram begging him to go North immediately because one of his best mines was flooded almost to the top of the shaft. He replied "I can't drink the water in the ——— mine, I can't wash in it, so why should I waste a railway fare?"

The agent stuck up this message at the pit-head. The men laughed when they read it. Two hours afterwards the pumps were going. "I can't drink it, and I can't wash in it," has all the chances of becoming a traditional joke in that region.

A Hint for the Mineowners

Perhaps I may be wrong, but I believe, right inside my bones, that if the miners were shown what the owners have to pay out of so-called "profits" they would realise that the demands made in their name were literally an asking for silk purses out of sows' ears. Last year a coal mine belonging to a friend of mine showed a profit of £3,800, but after income tax, super-tax, local rates and taxes, and other charges, either to the Government or

Photograph A RECENT WEDDING [*Blake Studios*

Capt. M. G. N. Stopford, M.C., Rifle Brigade, and his bride, Miss Dorothy Deare, after their wedding at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Capt. Stopford is the eldest son of Major-General Sir Lionel and Lady Stopford. of Sumner Court, Wrotham, Kent

to local authorities, had been paid, exactly £200 remained!

As my friend said, "How can I pay increased wages to my colliers for fifty-two weeks out of £200?"

The ex-Kaiserin

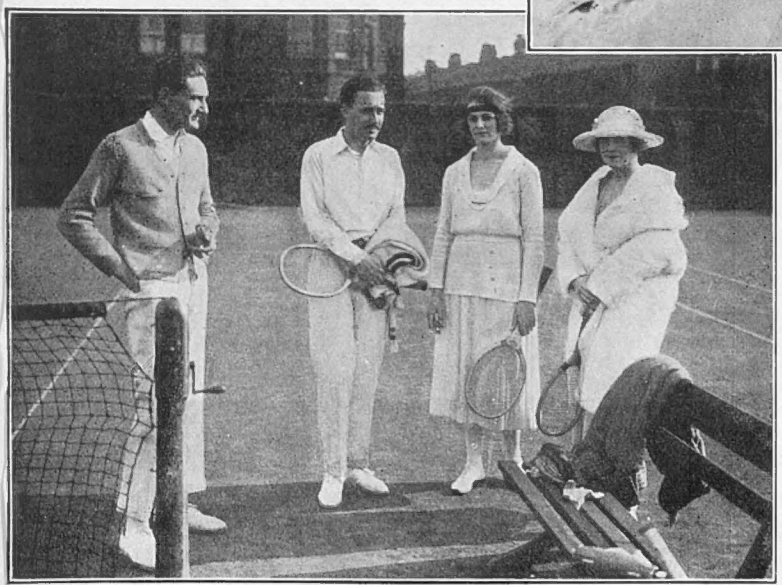
THE beginning of the heart trouble from which the ex-Kaiserin has died came from tight-lacing. Her outlook on life was that of the primitive woman—a slavish obedience to her husband. In Germany she was always described as *Kirche, Kinder und Küchen*—Church, Children and Kitchen—and held up as the imperial apotheosis of the *hausfrau*.

The ex-Kaiser, whilst he advertised his consort's virtues as a wife, a mother, and a housekeeper, had a horror of the figure so frequently represented by those virtues in Germany. The House of Schleswig-Holstein, of which the ex-Kaiserin was a princess, runs to *embonpoint* in the years of maturity. Terrified of displeasing her august lord by a disappearing waist, the ex-Kaiserin fought the adipose heritage of her family with cuirass-like corsets and implacable stay-laces. She might have taken as her motto, "*Il faut souffrir d'etre belle*," because, in addition to the tight-lacing, she half-starved herself in the days of pomp and imperial splendour to keep an approximate slimness of figure.

Photograph *Speaight, Ltd.*

AN INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT

Miss Nesta Philipps, the eldest daughter of Sir Owen and Lady Philipps and niece of Viscount St. Davids, whose engagement to the Hon. George Coventry, the elder son of Viscount and Viscountess Deerhurst, has just been announced



Photograph *Sport and General*

LAWN TENNIS AT QUEEN'S

From left to right can be seen: Mr. Cretziano, Mr. Mano, Lady Mainwaring, and Lady Ribblesdale after an enjoyable "knock-up" in the bright sunshine on the hard courts at Queen's Club

On The Riviera

It rained so hard the night I left,
The weather it was dry :
It was so hot I froze to death—
Susannah, don't you cry.

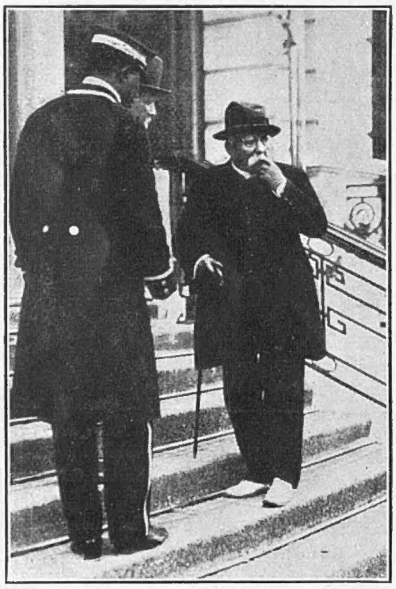
AND such are the spring vagaries of the Riviera that one day we are alluring in white flannels and the next formidable with our favourite bit of skunk. No weather has kept us out of the opera-houses which, at the moment, are more prolific of new shows than in the height of the frolicsome season. The *début* of John Barclay recently in Reynaldo Hahn's new work, *Nausicaa*, brought out the best English folk that Nice can muster. He is a pupil of Jean de Reszke, and comes before the public amazingly unprepared, but with a voice of fine resource. Hahn's opera was an unfortunate choice for a novice, so neither singer nor composer scored heavily. Three of the famous tenor's pupils have been given first appearances here this season. In each case the ability is pronounced, and just as pronounced is the fact that they have been given bad advice about their *débuts*. Opera is not, by any means, all vocal, and De Reszke himself was a greater actor and a finer charlatan than he was a singer.

Photograph *Reutlinger, Cannes*

MLLE. RAYMOND VÉCART

Who created the part of Mme. Bonacieux in Isadore de Lara's production of "The Three Musketeers" at Cannes. Her success has caused comment throughout the Riviera

THE French singer who has stood out this whole season as the most useful, attractive, and thorough has been Raymond Vécart. Up and down the coast—Cannes, Nice, everywhere, working like a barnstormer—she has never failed in loveliness of voice and is always supreme in dramatic intelligence. I saw the King of Sweden at *Parsifal*; I saw him yesterday at an unobtrusive violin recital at the Negresco. I have also seen him at Cannes talking to Dom Manoel and Mlle. Lenglen. I've seen him "going a-picnic" in a third-rate automobile.



Photograph *E. Navello*

"LE TIGRE"

M. Clemenceau on the steps of the Casino at Monte Carlo

My Own Affair, by Princess Louise of Belgium (Cassell), has reached the Riviera dinner-table, and causes as much comment as once did the observations of that other Louise—of Saxony.

MONEY has been all to the hotels and the tables. The odds have been far better at the tables, and the cry everywhere for next winter is loud for Cairo, for rents are rapidly rising here, and, besides, Egypt is our own, and the English will go there out of the bondage of the hotel tyrants here. One realises how little he gets for his money—even the ink is under-proof; and yet the Riviera, with its laborious idleness, is ever young. We all say we will never come again, and yet we do come, for the Côte d'Azur is like the chorus girl who has an eventful birthday every week and never grows old. There are, though, many plans for Egypt next winter.

THE wind has once or twice been against the motor-boat racing at Monaco. The best event has been *Nieuport I.'s* win, covering the course (25 kilometres) in 28 min. 6 sec. She also recorded on one round of the course 6 min. 11 sec., making 37.6 statute miles an hour.

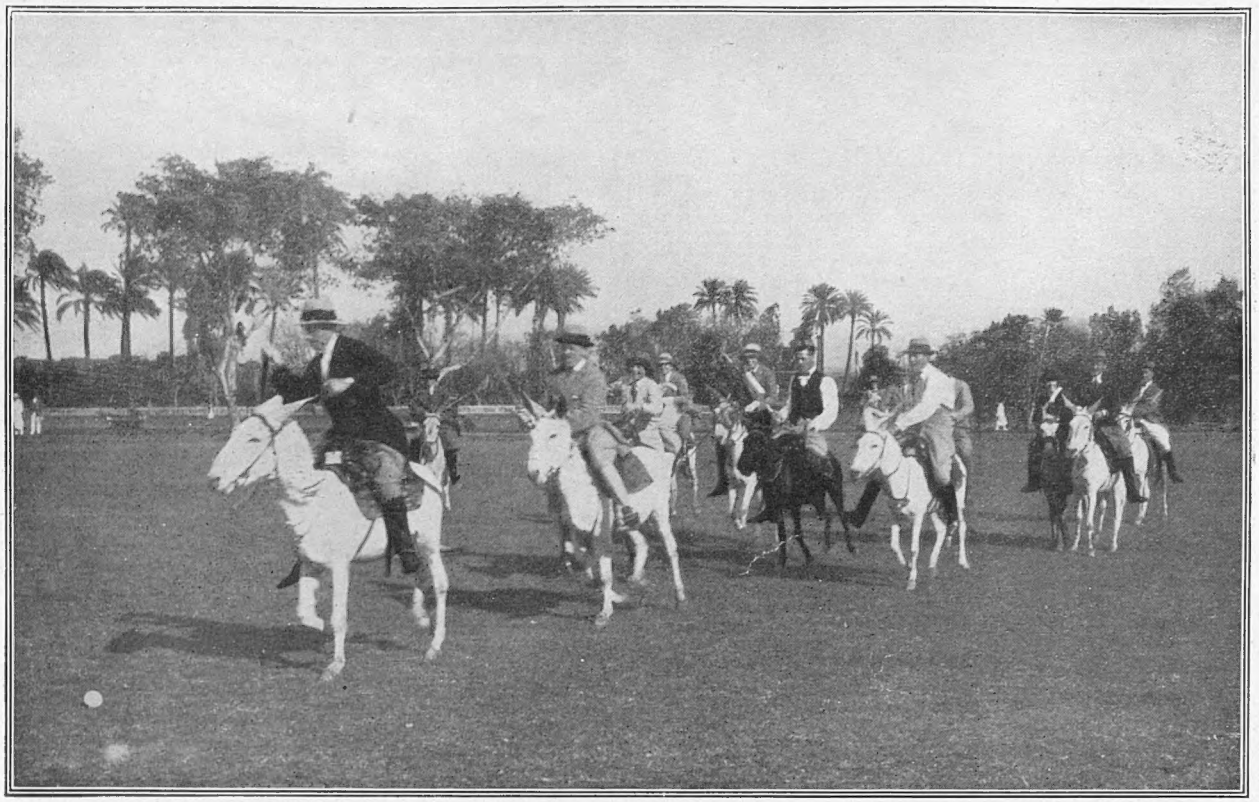
THERE is some life yet at Monte. I've seen Baron Edouard de Rothschild, Lady Samuels, Sir Henry Hall, and Colonel Stevenson at Ciro's, and up at Mont Agel there have been Bertie Deuchar, George Wilder, the princely Deschamps, Sir Donald MacMaster, Grand Duke Boris, Captain Kirwan, and many others on those altitudinous golf-links—truly "links with the next world."

Photograph *G. P. A.*

LORD READING

At Cairo, en route for India. While in Egypt he visited the pyramids—which it was rumoured Mr. Churchill painted on the occasion of his recent trip there

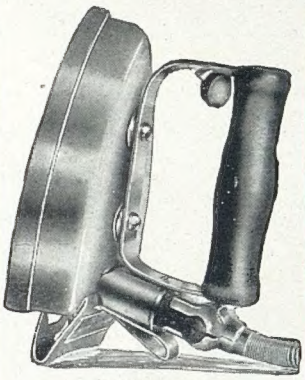
The Galloping Game in a Strange Guise



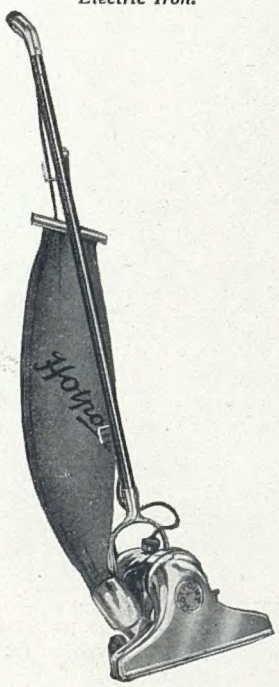
A "MIXED" MATCH AT POLO—IN MORE SENSES THAN ONE
By players mounted on donkeys at the Gymkhana of the Ghezireh Sporting Club at Cairo

Photographs SPECTATORS WATCHING THE FRAY FROM THE GRAND-STAND *G. P. A.*

Polo of the ordinary kind is difficult enough; played on the back of the patient ass it becomes so difficult as to be positively funny. Hence its popularity at Gymkhanas and places where they rag. It has even been welcomed as a diversion from the more serious business of the game by the critical audiences of Ranelagh and Hurlingham



"Hotpoint" Electric Iron.



"Hotpoint" Vacuum Cleaner.

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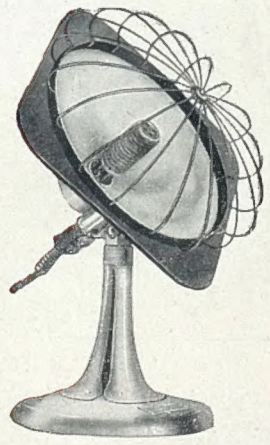


"Hotpoint" Portable Hedlite Heater.

Labour's Latest Menace: A Protest

BY W. HODGSON BURNET

[*According to a paragraph in an evening paper, the South Wales Ironfounders are demanding a reduction of wages by 12s. 6d. weekly, and it is rumoured that in the event of the demand being refused an appeal will be made to the Triple Alliance at an early date*].

THOUGH my fellow-men I love, sir,
Yet the paragraph above, sir,
Has filled me with a holy sort of rage;
Here's these discontented bounders
Known as "South Wales Ironfounders"
Now demanding a *reduction* in their wage!

HAD they begged their masters meekly
For (say) half-a-crown less weekly,
Then the public on their side they might have got,
But it should be understood, sir,
That they do themselves no good, sir,
By *demanding* twelve and six less on the spot.

IF we grant them this concession
'Twill be merely a confession
Of weakness; in a short time, I'll be bound,
There will be an agitation
From this wretched Federation
For a further wage reduction of a *pound!*

AS can only be expected,
Other trades will get infected,
And employers will be faced with angry mobs
Of employees shouting, swearing,
And persistently declaring
That they're being over-paid now for their jobs!

SHALL we timidly give in, sir,
Nay I'm sure that we can win, sir,
We can beat these Ironfounders if we like,
Let these Bolshies understand, sir,
We consider their demand, sir,
An unreasonable one and—
LET THEM STRIKE!

[P.S.—
BY the way I ought to say, sir,
With regard to what you pay, sir,
For verse that I myself am anyhow,
By this silly agitation
For a less remuneration,
Absolutely unaffected up till now.]

THE STRIKER STRUCK

BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

"Ullo Bill! Where you goin' with the tools? We decided to 'ave a lightnin' strike last night. Why wasn't you at the meetin'?"

"The trams 'ad a lightnin' strike and I couldn't come—them blokes 'as no consideration for the public"

"THE great thing in outdoor sports for women," declares an expert, "is to start comfortably clothed, and then to forget one's clothes." Indoors, of course, the great thing is simply to forget one's clothes.

* * *

OUR sympathies are all with the youth who was taken to see Sarah Bernhardt in *Daniel*, and complained of the lion shortage.

* * *

A MAN was recently charged at Westminster with obtaining £7 by a confidence trick from a Scotsman. There is some talk of awarding him a testimonial.

A TRAGIC FARCE

BY "THE OLD GUARD"

THE tragic Strike designed to effect the abolition of the private capitalist, and the establishment of Communism in our midst, very naturally called into the cockpit the strong commonsense and simple honesty of this, our England. The War left us with but little meat on our bone; and this was scarcely the time to invite us to imitate the hound of Æsop, and exchange the bone for the shadow. For ourself we know little of private capital except that it is a shy, elusive thing, which we cannot coax so near to us that we may put salt upon its tail; but we recognise it readily as the indispensable mainspring of a nation of shopkeepers. The unkempt Communists who, by a sad oversight of the nation, are permitted to roam at large among us, have striven dismally for years to weaken the beneficent influence of private capital, and now bleat inconsequentially for its total abolition because, forsooth! it shows here and there bruises and scars where they have wantonly tried to beat it down. 'Tis as though a mischievous urchin should fling a stone through a window and then protest that glass is no use since it can so easily be broken.

THE foolish clamour for a General Strike is mouthed by crazy visionaries who claim that they can repeat the first great wonder, and create a new world out of Chaos and Void. The soap-box orator at the street corner has of late affirmed for the benefit of the Worker that all that was necessary for the making of an Earthly Paradise, was to bring the business of the country to a standstill by the means of the "Triple Alliance." All mining must stop. All traffic by road and rail must cease. The Workers could then seize the reins of Government, and buy foodstuffs from foreign countries, and begin to trade for their own advantage. We sadly affirm that these words were not spoken at a meeting of the criminal lunatics of Broadmoor, but form the outline of a policy offered in all seriousness to the intelligent working-men of England, among whom we are proud and honoured to count our own good selves. We lack the precise information as to which of the foreign countries known to us has any food to spare to-day; also, it has not been explained to us what kind of an individual or community it would be that would be eager to trade with a country that, after a General Strike had succeeded, would be without either cash or credit.

AND, moreover, the identity of the skilled trader who is to bargain for us in the markets of the world still stands unrevealed. Are we to assume that a plain man, none too skilled in his artisanship, and dismally inefficient in all else, can by a miracle from high Heaven be suddenly endowed with the ability to trade for the national advantage with the trained and cunning merchants of other lands, cradled in the art of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest? There was once a man who could not say whether or not he could play the violin, because he had never tried. Your Communist will boast that he has never soiled his soul with the wiles of Commerce, but he has no doubt that he can hazard and chaffer on our behalf with the requisite skill when he is put in authority over us! Communism is very like the average Communist: it won't work.

FROM earliest times there has been an unwholesome craving among the lesser breeds of men to live without work, to enjoy the kindly fruits of the earth without first putting a hand to the plough. To the worthless and the work-shy the tenets of Communism come as physic to the sick. They offer a fascinating programme of loot and lust, and under their malevolent sway we should speedily be back in the Caves again gnawing on flesh-like wolves, in the unlikely event of flesh being an attainable boon, and growing verminous at our ease. God wot! we have heard the fellows talk, and for our sins have sat with them at table and have seen them eat, and have had no stomach for our own meat in consequence. We have met no man among them capable of an illuminating thought. At the best they aim only to destroy the Temple; build it up again they know they never can.

MASTERS, this, an it please ye, is a democratic country in which the ruling of the majority is the rule of the land. The majority of our freeborn People protest against the tyranny of the Strike. Let, therefore, the tinkers of our electoral machinery call for the People's voice, and write its message down faithfully and indelibly upon the Tables of the Law.

PERHAPS—— By Frank Sherwin

WAITRESS (shyly): "Er—Excuse me, Sir—but were you the Gentleman that ordered a Peach?"

Poor Old Father!

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE TRIPLE(T'S) ALLIANCE

Swift Moving Limbs and Glancing Eyes

Photographs

MLLE. MARIE BOLDYREVA

The celebrated Russian Première Danseuse, in Grand Ballet de Moscow, who is performing with such success at the Palais du Trocadero in Paris

L'AMOUR *J. Sabourin, Paris*

Pierre Michalowski and Mlle. Valentine Kashouba in the Ballet Impérial Russe. This is the first appearance of the Ballet in Paris who have come direct from Petrograd

The BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

"Asking for the best champagne"

HOW TO MAKE MUCH MONEY

MES AMIS—

ONE has found a new way to make the money—to make much of the money. In fact the "much" part is one of the principal parts in the system. This new way has nothing of the difficult about it. It is quite possible for all except those of the very poor who have really the need. And it requires not anything more than the possession of *tenue de soirée* and a "manner." There is in the affair the weak link. And it is that the plan is not able to succeed if it becomes much known. It really is scarcely likely to succeed for more than one time. I am able to tell it to you because you are from here a long way. And before you will have time to arrive I shall have had enough of chance to make the operation.

AS in the case of all the great discoveries, this one has been found by the accident. It has been brought to notice by a comedian who has been in the much more serious quest of a new joke. He has had the *bonne chance* to obtain the joke. And to secure seven thousand francs in the experiment. And there is not a flaw in the scheme anywhere. For those who are able to dispense with the joke part—which is a handicap, as I go to show—it is so simple as to be almost too easy. All that one has to do—I must ask of you to remember that it has been proved, and the story has not anything of the fiction—is to saunter into the most expensive night restaurant of Montmartre, command the most high-priced bottle of champagne, and when one has established the impression to be "at home," walk confidently to the Monsieur across the room and say, "*Pretez moi, donc, mille francs.*" "Only too delighted," answers the flattered Monsieur, who has not ever in his life seen you before. "Are you sure that one thousand will be sufficient," he adds, as he takes from his pocket his *porte-feuille*,

"Of *tenue de soirée* and a 'manner'."

and with the wish for all the world to think that *billets de mille* are no more than *sous* to him, throws on the table a bundle for one to help oneself.

THE comedian has made the demand of seven clients at a fashionable *boite de nuit*. And each one has been eager to lend not one thousand francs but many. At the end, of course, the man of fun has returned to the loaners their notes. That is the handicap of the joke. If one does dispense with the joke part there is not the necessity to give back the money. Not any of the loaners has known that the request has not been a real demand to borrow, and so has deserved to lose the money that he has been so anxious to display. If one thousand francs is to him of so little value it is better that it should be distributed by a "collector" to the charities where the poor people come to ask for a few francs.

THE success of the plan lies, *bien entendu*, in the largeness of the amount for which one does ask. If a demand were made for fifty francs, or even a hundred, it would be refused. One has not the confidence in a man who deals in the fifties or the hundreds. It is the latest form of *snobisme* that one must talk only in the thousands or the hundreds. That is the Press explanation of the easy way in which Andre Himmel, who is

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"'Yes sir, I was,' answered the black-faced one"

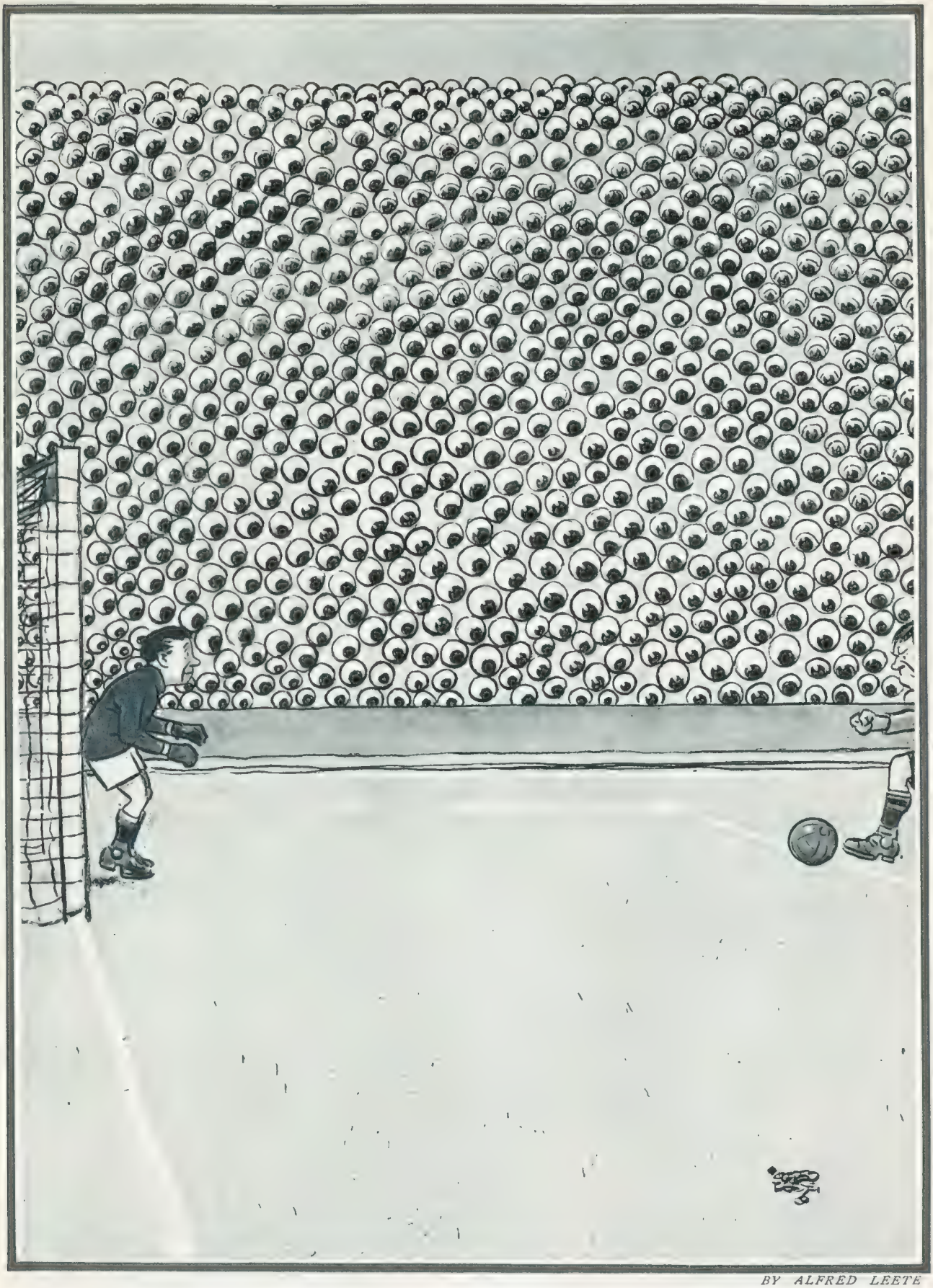
accused to have borrowed hundreds of thousands on the strength of a cinema enterprise which has not the existence, procured the immense sums he admits to have received. Not anyone is suspicious, it does appear, of a man who talks principally of the millions.

I WOULD wish that it were possible to give a really severe lesson to these persons who attach not any value to the money they have procured too easily except in the opportunity it does give them to make the display. They do deserve to be deprived by a borrower who has not the intention to repay. It has made me very angry to learn that such a state of things comes to exist when I know there are men of talent in the same restaurants who are not able to do the work they love because in that way they cannot gain enough money to live. These are the musicians—the really brilliant and serious musicians—who are to be found in numbers that are almost beyond the belief among the jazz bands that make the noise for the moneyed patrons of the night resorts. There are scores who have gained the first prize at the Conservatoire who are compelled to spend the most of the night to grind out the monotonous airs of fox-trots and of "shimmies" to the intellectual accompaniment of a motor-horn or raps on the top of the piano. At some of the cafés and restaurants, even, the proprietors have taken advantage of the distress of these artists—unable to make the existence in their proper sphere—to advertise that the "Big Bangers' jazz band" contains so many winners of the Conservatoire prizes. In that way, perhaps, there is sometimes attracted the rare *clientèle* which does love to hear the real music. For there is generally once or twice each evening when these musicians of the talent become too overpowered by the terrors of the jazz, and to give themselves the relief play some delicious *morceau* from their unremunerative but much loved repertoire. That is the solace for the discomfort which so many of them experience to have to spend the nights in an atmosphere that is so different from what they had hoped. I know that there are many who are able to earn in this manner the incomes far greater than they had expected in the early years of a musical career. But the money does not give them the satisfaction. There has been a case which has attracted much attention to these students who themselves endure the mental agony while they provide the musical "pleasure" for the others. A professor who has been in a café on the boulevards has thought there was something of the familiar about a member of the band, despite that his face has been blacked, and has asked of him, "Were not you one of my pupils at the Conservatoire?" The professor had not known of the condition of affairs which had come to be common. "Yes, sir, I was," has replied the black-faced one, who had secured the general applause by the violence of his drumming on every object within the reach except the drum. "Then why are you here?" has pursued the professor. "Because, sir, I receive as many thousands of francs in a month as I have been able to gain hundreds in a year with my violin. I love my violin, Maitre, but I must live," And he has told the saddened professor that he would be able to discover many more of his former pupils should he make a tour of the cafés.

"The poor people who ask for a few francs . . ."

AND there, *juste en face* — while the men who adore the fine music which they have the gift to make, waste their life on the bangs and the booms — sit those who will give away the wealth at the mere request. It is a justification for the bitter anger; is it not?

ROLAND



BY ALFRED LEETE

THE PENALTY KICK

In "The Beggar's Opera"

MISS ALICE MASON

A member of the clever company playing "The Beggar's Opera" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. She has, perhaps, made a record in Opera for she took the lead within three months of making her début

BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL.

IT makes you feel quite young again, and recalls the dear delights of the blood-and-thunder romances of boyhood in which the dauntless hero dashes recklessly into perils and dangers and licks the other chap every time. As there is for the moment no war on, Captain Hugh Drummond feels that he is getting stale for want of excitement. He therefore advertises for a brisk job, and is even willing to consider a career of crime if it has a humorous side to it. I believe a desperate fellow like that would be capable of the crime of buying a cigarette in the theatre after eight o'clock. In answer to his advertisement Miss Phyllis Benton calls to say that she is living with her uncle at Godalming, and that next door to them is a house known as "The Elms" which is used as a private lunatic asylum, and the shrieks of agony that float periodically over the wall are something awful. Will Mr. Drummond please come and see what he can do about it? Phyllis says she must go away alone as her movements are being closely watched, and she does not want to involve Drummond in trouble prematurely. Surely enough she has no sooner left the house than Dr. Henry Lakington, the proprietor and manager of the lunatic asylum, calls to see Captain Drummond.

THUS do the weird happenings begin. Dr. Lakington has the cold, shifty face of the man whom you would not trust with a bent threepenny bit, and it is clear at once that he has only called so that he may identify Drummond for future reference. His excuse for his intrusion is that Phyllis has left her vanity-bag behind; but as she did nothing of the sort, you can see that he has only come to spy about the place. So he is bowed rather abruptly off the premises, and Drummond prepares to start for Godalming. We then learn that Dr. Lakington specialises in the abduction of millionaires. He takes them to

(Continued on page 161)

When Chelse

ART N

Mr. Blank, the well-known collector, recently acqui

ea Chuckles

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

OTE

ed a notable example of the ultra-modern school

Godalming and dopes them and tortures them till they have a longing to sign big cheques to procure their release. He has a victim of the kind on hand now, a Mr. Hiram G. Travers, who has thousands and thousands of pounds worth of jewels at his bankers. The news is broken to us by Dr. Lakington's partner, Carl Peterson, who calls on Phyllis and her uncle with the view of arranging for the annexation of the valuables in question. We observe with pain that Uncle James is a devotee at the shrine of Bacchus—the Scotch one, and when he is ordered to forge the name of Hiram G. he has to have a couple more to give him courage for the job.

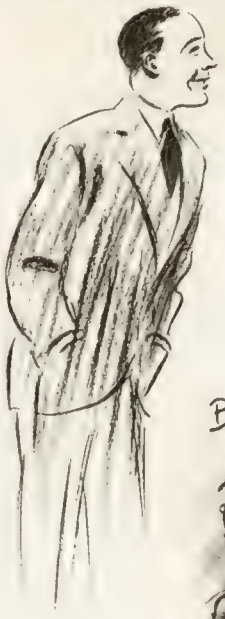
THEN Peterson goes away and Drummond arrives to enquire as to the best means of breaking into the asylum next door. Uncle James at once gets up and goes out into the passage, and obligingly kills himself before he can be found out, like the Colonel's opossum in the tree, which, having heard of his prowess with the gun, called out: "Don't shoot! I'll come down!" Uncle Jim having thus thoughtlessly done himself in, Phyllis has no longer a home, and she is therefore sent to Drummond's cottage at Goring, and told to wait patiently there, while he fiercely attacks the criminal gang single-handed. The next scene takes us to a room at "The Elms" where a most distressing scene is being enacted. As Uncle James is dead and cannot do forging any more, Dr. Lakington and his partner hit upon the bright idea of procuring the millionaire's own signature for the release of the jewels. Hiram G. is led on in a very limp state, and is brought back to consciousness by means of a hypodermic injection. He is then told that he must sign the paper that is put before him, or else all sorts of things prejudicial to his happiness and comfort will happen to him. And then we see Bull-Dog Drummond's face peeping through the window curtains, and we know that our hero has bravely come to do an act of kindness to somebody even if he has to do it by force. He rushes into the room and shoots out the lights in the most approved style of the films,

DRUMMOND CALLS TO CUT OFF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AND TO CARRY ON THE GOOD WORK OF RELIEVING THE TEDIUM OF PEACE

and when another light is procured, we observe that Drummond and Hiram G. have vanished, and that Dr. Lakington is lying on the floor. I thought at first he had just died of heart disease, but it seems that in his headlong flight, Drummond paused long enough to dot him one, and the fellow had the sense to lie still in case there should be any others coming along behind it.

THEN we go to Drummond's place at Goring, and the excitement grows. Hiram G. is taken upstairs and put to bed and everybody is just settling down for a quiet evening, when Irma Peterson drives up in her car. She pretends to be Peterson's daughter, but I interred that she was merely his unofficial wife, and partner in crime. She comes to say in a purring, gentle way that she is so sorry that Captain Drummond should have thought it necessary to take dear Hiram G. away from the friends who love him and who were treating him so skilfully. She hopes Captain Drummond will return the gentleman at once, and she can't help mentioning, parenthetically, that she has brought with her a number of sturdy ruffians from the asylum, and it would be such a pity if they had to be called in for a consultation.

SEE languidly offers one of Drummond's friends a cigarette. I could have told him at once not to take it, especially when she said it was one of the Russian kind, but he accepted the gift in sweet, green innocence, and of course, a few moments later he curls up on the sofa, well and truly doped. Then a horrid man steals up behind Phyllis and stuffs a chloroformed handkerchief over her mouth, and carries her off. The opposition is thus being reduced with the steady regularity of the ten little niggers. There is a final rush to get hold of Drummond as he comes down the stairs with the poor invalid, but the mix-up is purposely involved so that you don't know till the next act exactly what did happen.



RONALD SQUIRE AS ALGY LONGWORTH.

BASIL FOSTER AS PETER DARRELL.

IT would not be fair to give away too much of the story, but I may add that in a mysterious way Drummond reaches "The Elms," and is at once seized, and bound to a chair. As he declines to say what he has done with Hiram G. the horrid Dr. Lakington decides to elicit the secret by means of vicarious torture. He puts Phyllis into a wheeled-chair and takes her to an adjoining room where from her screams of pain we judge he must be biting little pieces out of her neck, or something of that sort. Of course, Drummond is in a fearful state and wriggles about in his chair in a most frantic effort to loosen his bonds.

THEN Phyllis is brought back in a doped condition, and while Dr. Lakington is out of the room for a moment, she wakes up prematurely and sets Drummond free. Then you see a most fearful fight. Dr. Lakington springs at Drummond, and Drummond catches Dr. Lakington by the throat and tries to cause him a good deal of pain. The two men heave each other about the room and over the edge of the sofa, and at first it looks as if the fight would end in a draw. But Drummond got the left well home at last, and Dr. Lakington takes the count.*

It is a fine fighting production, and the uncanny atmosphere is carried well over the footlights to ensure the local colour. Mr. du Maurier sails breezily through the play as the hero Drummond, who takes it all more or less as a bit of a joke, and Mr. Gilbert Hare as Dr. Lakington looks nicely dreadful and dangerous. I enjoyed the piece very much. JINGLE

* I need hardly say that I had my money on Drummond all the time.

EMILY BROOKE AS PHYLLIS BENTON

Truths and Trifles

BITING THE BITER

(There is a spice of irony in the fate which overtook Dr. Addison during the recent Ministerial shuffle. From being the universal provider of homes—on paper—he himself, as Minister without Portfolio, became ministerially homeless.)

He does not spin the fairy tale
Designed to win the Celt and Gael
From futile feud and faction;
He does not save odd millions here
And there, or brave the waster's jeer—
Such tasks have small attraction.
He faces friend and foe
As Minister without Portfolio!

What does he do? What scheme sublime
Does he put through to pass the time
And spend the nation's treasure?
Does he attend (as A.D.C.)
That canny blend, David L.G.,
And blithely do his pleasure;
Scurrying to and fro,
A Minister without Portfolio?

Or is he just a "super" still
On whom is thrust (against his will)
A decorative mission—
A stentorphone from whom shall gush
A soothing drone when Wee Frees rush
The Government position?
(A buffer for the blow,
And . . . Minister without Portfolio!)

Ah! Who knows why he got the post
But, "standing by," a Party "ghost"
Without a hope of heydays,
There is no doubt that, full of grit,
With spirit stout he'll do his bit
On Ministerial Pay-days . . .
Nor will he feel *de trop*,
This Minister without Portfolio!

E. L. Roberts

FROM OUR PESSIMIST

A man found leaning against a wall in Hampstead, suffering from loss of memory and unable to give any account of himself, later recovered sufficiently to remember that he was on his way from Stafford to Sidcup. We can sympathise, for we have recently made one of these railway journeys ourselves.

According to the Secretary of the Post Office the public telephone call-box does not pay. Why should it? What is the public for?

* * *

A doctor states that high heels are best for weak heads. With this analogy before us, it is now plain why most Civil Servants wear tall hats.

* * * *

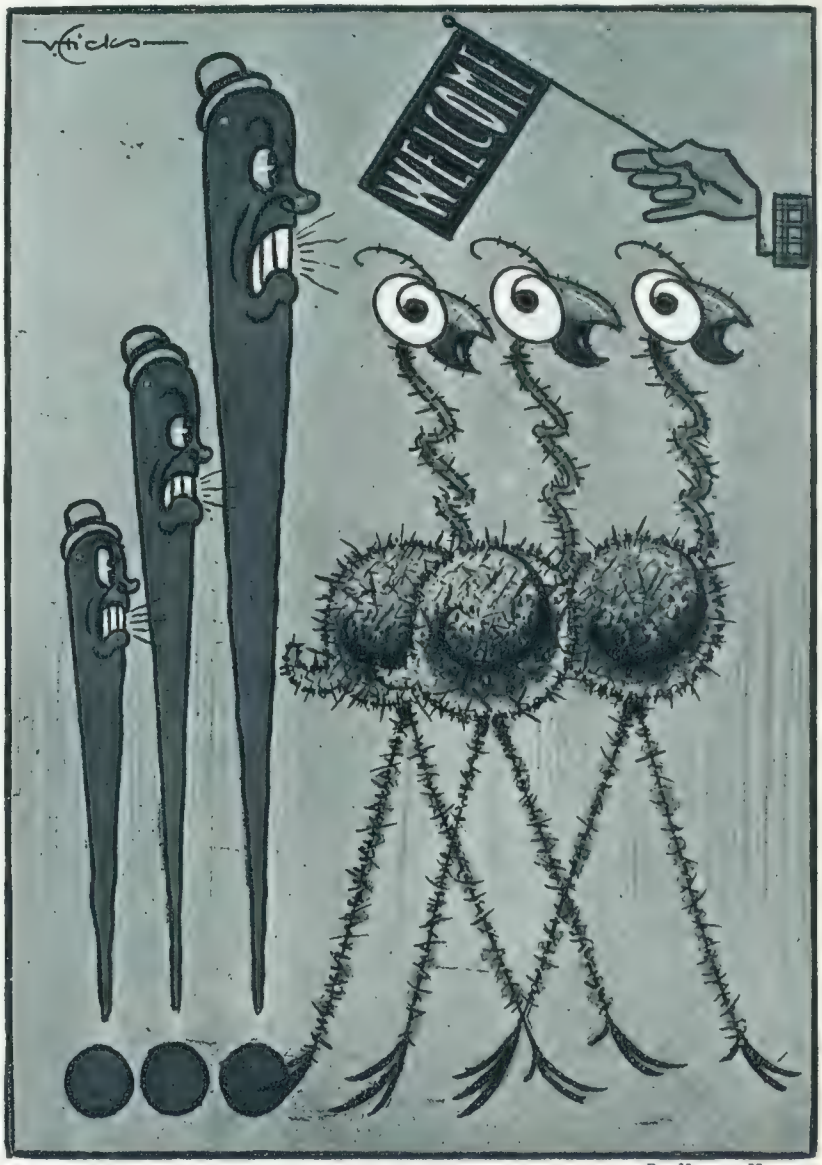
The Minister of Agriculture for Ontario recently milked a cow in front of the Parliament buildings. This is certainly preferable to the British custom of milking the taxpayer inside.

* * * *

Thousands of lunatics, according to a doctor, are to be found in business. We have long suspected this.

* * * *

An employer recently informed a magistrate that, having engaged a workman, he waited an hour for him and then found him standing in the street, "waiting to be introduced." It is assumed that he had learned his manners from a bricklayer.



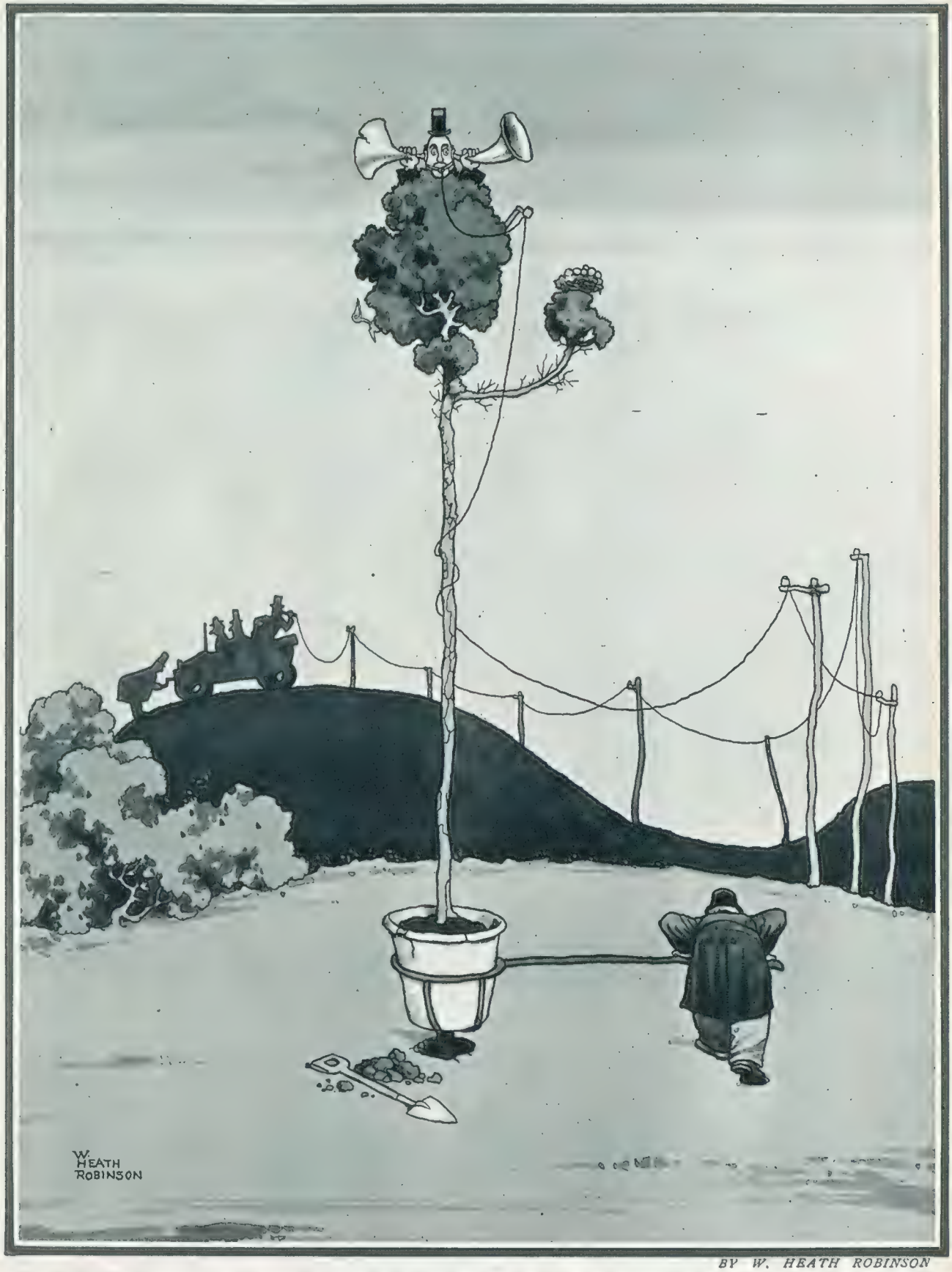
By Victor Hicks

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN OCCUR REGULARLY ON THIS PAGE

"Chickens and curses come home to roost"

Our Special Correspondent

ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

It will be seen that we have made adequate arrangements in order to inform our readers of the first note of the 1921 cuckoo without delay

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

WHEN, all unexpectedly, there appeared in the *Times* extracts from a diary kept by Clare Sheridan during a visit to Soviet Russia, respectable folk were slightly shocked, but unmistakably amused and intrigued. The venture of this "society sculptress," as the newspapers had it, and a cousin of Winston's to boot, was so odd and bizarre. What on earth had she gone for? Mere notoriety? Only to obtain busts of Lenin and Trotsky? In any case, was it quite nice to write a diary like that? Whatever people thought, there is no doubt that Mrs. Sheridan scored, and her full diary, now issued in book form, should meet with considerable success. *Russian Portraits* (Cape: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) is a chatterful book, politically speaking of little or no importance, but brightly amusing throughout. The whole venture had an audacity about it which deserved success, and you feel that Mrs. Sheridan would have been cruelly treated had she been unable to bring all her busts away. How good these may be is another question; she succeeded, thanks chiefly to Kameneff, in her purpose, and here are more than twenty illustrations of her "scalps"—idealised, they may seem to the layman, but then, as the sculptress admits, portraits are not art. One wonders what her next venture may be. Why not Mespot?

Photograph *Sidney J. Loeb*

SIR HENRY AND LADY WOOD

The famous conductor has been asked to the International Music Festival at Zurich in June and July. Nikisch has also been invited

❀ ❀

IN *My Own Affairs* (Cassell: 21*s.* net) Princess Louise of Belgium writes her *apologia*, which will interest those who know nothing of her various troubles, and may surprise not a little those who know much. The lot of a Royal Princess is not always very happy, and the eldest daughter of King Leopold was never a woman altogether suited to the difficult part she was called on to play. For a husband she was given Ferdinand of Coburg's elder brother—there is much in her book of the ex-Czar's curious habits—and for years she was imprisoned in a "home" from which she only escaped by the help of a friend. There are vignettes of various royalties, including Queen Victoria, and yet another account of the death of the Crown Prince Rudolph.

❀ ❀

YOU cannot help thinking what a pity it is that Mr. William McFee ever read Conrad; for if he had not, it is permissible to believe that *Captain Macedoine's Daughter* (Secker: 9*s.* net) would have been a far finer book than it is. Mr. McFee has already shown himself to be a capital teller of stories, and in this account of a strange man and his ill-fated daughter, there are some wonderful passages: but it never appears that the Mr. Spenlove who tells their story is really necessary at all. It would surely have been better to leave this difficult medium of oblique narration to Conrad. For all that, you do not put the book down until it is finished, and it contains portraits of men of the sea which will not very easily be forgotten.

❀ ❀

MR. BEN TRAVERS, I expect, could write one of those stage farces, like *Charley's Aunt*, which go on for ever. Indeed, I dare say he has already dramatised *The Dippers* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), with which novel he makes his bow. *The Dippers* is one of those entirely ludicrous stories which you think will pall after the first twenty pages. A respectable lawyer who has missed his last train; mistaken for a professional dancer; taken to a very new peer's most awful mansion; forced to dance—yes, surely there has been enough of that sort of thing? But Mr. Travers is so genuinely funny, he is laughing himself so heartily all the time, that you cannot but laugh with him, and the last page is reached long before you expect it. What a scene it is in that most lordly of ball rooms! It deserves to be staged. No doubt you will see *The Dippers* on the films before long; meanwhile take up the book and chuckle.

R. S.

Photograph *H. C. Mackenzie*

"THE BYSTANDER" IN THE JUNGLE

A photograph taken in the Indian Jungle during a tiger hunt. In an interval between the beats the natives were discovered partaking of light literary refreshment. We trust they enjoyed their *petit déjeuner*

"Commune" Sense

BY FRANK NEWBOULD

LABOUR COUNCILLOR: "Aint 'alf busy, Bill. Just signed a cheque for fifteen thousand quid"

BILL: "Fifteen thousand quid? What for?"

LABOUR COUNCILLOR: "Blowed if I know!"

Our Peace-Time Air Force

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

GROUP EXPERIMENTING WITH A WIRELESS-CONTROLLED BOMB

HAS ANYONE HERE SEEN NELSON KEYS?

By Victor Hicks

True, he may be disguised as a German, Henry Ainley, a troubadour, Beau Brummel, gouty gent with 'ackin' corf, bookmaker, or Chinese prestidigitator, but, in any case, we think you may find him in either London, Paris, New York "care of" the Pavilion Theatre. A cheering "bunch" of bubbling brightness

A Day With the Chess Champions.

BY W. H. GILLMAN

In the absence of the usual descriptive reports, The Bystander *has secured the following account of a day's proceedings at the contest for the World's Chess Championship in far-away Cuba.*

7 A.M.—Dr. Lasker rises, and confides to his manager that he has dreamed a move which will utterly annihilate Señor Capablanca.

7.5 A.M.—Señor Capablanca rises, and confides to his manager that he has been granted a sleep vision of a move which will make Dr. Lasker wish he had stuck to dominoes.

. . . . . .

11.30 A.M.—Morning session opens. The arena is surrounded by men with dome-like brows, bulging eyeballs, and prehensile fingers. The Doctor and the Señor are greeted with muffled cheers. The President of the Republic looks in to offer his daily message of welcome to Cuba. His great country, he assures them, is honoured——etc.

11.45 A.M.—The Señor appears to be on the verge of making the first move. His hand is in the act of being raised. Seething excitement occurs among the onlookers. The Señor's hand drops again. Tension is relaxed. The Señor's adherents thank heaven he decided not to be reckless.

12.0 NOON.—The Señor *has* made the first move. He has pushed a pawn forward two squares. Everybody at once recognises that this creates an entirely new situation.

12.30 P.M.—The Doctor is still puzzled as to what his opponent's little game may be. Two over-anxious onlookers have fallen forward on their dome-like brows: fortunately, nothing is broken but the silence.

1.0 P.M.—One move has now been made by either side. The Doctor's retort *looks* easy, but these great moves often do. The Señor, clearly perturbed, is pondering.

1.15 P.M.—Luncheon interval, with the Señor still pondering. The dome-like men discuss the progress of the game as freely as mouthfuls of Plasmon sandwiches will allow. The general opinion is that things are pretty even so far, but both sides had better look out.

2.0 P.M.—Afternoon session opens. The President drops in to assure all concerned that they are still welcome to his great country.

2.30 P.M.—The Señor has executed his reply. He has advanced another pawn, but by one square only. An over-wrought pro-Laskerite screams "Coward!" and is promptly removed, kicking. Decorum is restored.

2.50 P.M.—The Doctor makes a dashing *riposte* by pushing forward yet another pawn to the extreme

A DAY WITH THE CHESS CHAMPIONS (concluded)

limit permitted by the rules. The onlookers realise that he is out to make an end of trench warfare. Somebody audibly predicts that the game will be over by Christmas.

3.10 P.M.—Like a flash, the Señor has parried the blow—but at what a risk to security! He has actually moved a knight. Everybody feels that anything may happen. The Señor's backers wish he would take more water with it at lunch.

3.15—4.40 P.M.—A series of lightning moves has been made—no fewer than two by either side. If you saw the board now you would scarcely know it. Pawns seem to be all over the place, and the heavy artillery looks pitiably unprotected. The players are pale but determined. The onlookers have beaten all the world's breath-holding records.

4.50 P.M.—The Señor's manager creeps up to his principal and whispers in his ear something which sounds like the Cuban for "Go in and win!" The onlookers don't know what he means, but you and I do: he refers to the Señor's sleep vision. The moment has arrived (or nearly).

5.0 P.M.—The moment *has* arrived. Inexorably, the Señor's hand is lifted, grasps the ivory piece, and boldly dumps it on the destined square in accordance with his nocturnal inspiration. The onlookers' gaze shifts, by a common impulse, to the Doctor. What—what the deuce is the Doctor doing? He has risen from his seat and is pouring forth a torrent of words, accompanied by gesticulation which, unless restrained, threatens to convert chess into chaos.

5.30 P.M.—Order has been restored, and explanations have been offered. It seems that, by some freak of psychology, the master move made by the Señor was the very duplicate of one which the Doctor proposed next to make. In other words, the Doctor's dream and the Señor's sleep vision were identical, and it was the force of the coincidence that impelled the Doctor, not in anger but in amazement, to abandon his customary self-discipline.

6.0 P.M.—This revelation of supernatural impartiality has so unsettled everything that play is, by mutual consent, abandoned for the day. The President awaits the competitors in the lobby to assure them that, whatever may happen, his great country remains appreciative of the honour. . . . . W. H. GILLMAN.

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé.*

MADAME VERA FOKINA AND M. FOKINE

The celebrated Russian dancers who have made such a great success in America. Mme. Fokina is admittedly one of the most brilliant exponents of this art for which Russia is still famed

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"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *April* 18

DEAR COUSIN—

RATHER refreshing and exhilarating sometimes, I think, and a sort of tonic even in the midst of the worst sort of depression caused by strikes and bills and things, to look back and reflect that after all, however badly we may run life these days, it's an infinitely better proposition now by all appearances than it was even only about a generation ago.

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WHICH reflections have occurred to *me*, just this particular moment as ever is, partly through reading a book and partly through seeing a play of those less fortunate times that are now happily past. Play aforesaid being—no, nothing frightfully sensational, but just the revival of W. G. Wills' *Olivia*, which is a dramatised version of that dear old favourite of our grand (or great-grand) mother's nurseries, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, by one Oliver Goldsmith.

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PERFECTLY beautifully it's done at the Aldwych under the Viola Tree management, with Gladys Cooper simply charming in flowered muslins and brocaded damasks, all of the period and correctly picturesque. "Atmosphere" all wonderfully reproduced, too—knee-breeches, spinets, and all the rest. But, oh! the horrible sentiments, the repulsive morals thereof! The way the young women simply lay themselves out for matrimony—that being the one and only occupation or career then open to them—and are regarded as utterly shamed and degraded for ever and ever (and, apparently, regard themselves as such, too) because the parson at their wedding, whom they trustingly took to be a perfectly good member of the cloth, is eventually revealed by wicked *roué* "husband" as a dud and a delusion.

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BUT that's not all. Guilty heroine having returned to hitherto spotless vicarage home in wretched disgrace and been coldly and bitterly cast off by blameless mother because the officiating cleric (unbeknown to her) had never taken out his license, so to speak, all is once more suddenly changed from the depths of misery and sin to the heights of virtue and joy by revelation that the parson *is* in Crockford's and the bride's got her real and proper marriage lines after all!

"Low-waisted frocks"

WOULD have been rather revolting, really, wouldn't it—the idea of it all, I mean—if it hadn't been so completely absurd? Afraid I wasn't the only person who gave way to ribald and almost irrepressible smiles as the plot unfolded itself, and

"Home rule at last"

(comparatively decorous as we were in the stalls) when the "moral" of this Victorian masterpiece was fully disclosed then there certainly "arose unquenchable laughter among the deathless gods"—of the gallery and other cheaper parts of the house.

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ALL of which does tend to show, methinks, that we are a bit *healthier* in our outlook, anyway, than our Victorian predecessors—even if our financial situation isn't quite so sound. We may be rougher and ruder and sometimes, perhaps, possibly just a shade bizarre, but really I do believe we are more genuine. In this play of —— well, I don't exactly know the date, but Ellen Terry, I'm told, made her first big success in it—all the motives and ideas seem to ring so utterly false. No one worries a bit for a single moment, for instance, whether Olivia loves Thornhill or Thornhill cares for Olivia — it's just the forms and ceremonies that count with the people in the play. And, evidently, with the people that went to see it, too, because, after all,

it was one of the big successes of its time, wasn't it? Or so our grand (or great-grand) mothers tell the incredulous cynics of the present day.

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And the book that makes one not altogether so frightfully sorry to be alive just now instead of in the days of antimacassars and bustles and chignons, not to mention *nouveau art* and fumed oak? Well, there are lots of 'em, of course, but the particular one of the moment is the new Lytton Strachey life of Queen Victoria, which you've simply got to read unless you want to be utterly and entirely (morally) dead. Just a shade disappointing, perhaps, to some of us who had gloated over his utter and devastating destruction of Arnold of Rugby and Florence Nightingale and other Victorian idols in his *Eminent Victorians*. Very kind, really, on the whole, this last effort. But what he says about the great and good lady who once ruled England, even in his later and more indulgent vein, is quite illuminating enough.

"Boy Scouts on St. George's Day"

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Take this perfectly lovely conversation, *par exemple*, between her Majesty and the Clerk of the Council of that period:

"Have you been riding to-day, Mr. Greville?"
"No, Madam, I have not."
"It was a fine day."
"Yes, Madam, a very fine day."
"It was rather cold, though."
"It *was* rather cold, Madam."
"Your sister, Lady Francis Egerton, rides, I think, doesn't she?"
"She does ride sometimes, Madam."

And this was the wonderful lady whom our grand (or great-grand) mothers idolised as the pattern of all the talents as well as all the virtues! We have, at any rate, I do think, washed out complete fatuousness of that sort for ever and evermore. Though, of course, in her day there was never the same tradition of the duty of kings and queens to be able to hold their own in other departments of life besides ruling, that prevails in our more fortunate times—among our own Royalties, anyway.

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Home Rule, they tell me, starts to-morrow — or, anyway, the Bill about it comes into effect. Wonder what they'll do with it when they've got it—and if they won't really be rather cross to have their demands granted to them after all these years. Rather like having grievances, don't they, our rather unreliable but altogether lovable Irish friends? And I'm just a little bit afraid that when the long-promised plum is really after all dropped into their mouths they may not be quite so pleased about it as they ought to be, and as we had hoped. But (as they say in the classics) *qui vivra verra*, what?

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Next Saturday, by the way—talking of loyalty and all that sort of thing—is St. George's Day, when patriotism will run rife and the Boy Scouts will be in great form, and Shakespeare (the other national hero) will also be celebrated in all sorts of ways, from special matinées in Town to various manners of local rejoicing at the local idol's birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon. Delightful, isn't it, the way we cling to our old traditions, though I expect not 50 per cent. of the people who go to Shakespeare plays have read the national poet's works—and many of those who *have* heard of him would mostly much prefer a revue or even a nightie-and-pyjama farce.

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Dances, meanwhile, seem to be going stronger and ever stronger in London now. There was a particularly lovely one last week, by the way, at the Grafton Galleries for the Ivory Cross, when some more fox-trot competitions—that most fashionable recreation of the moment—were danced and decided under the semi-official auspices of Miss Megan Lloyd George. People talk (*à travers* their *chapeaux*) about the imminent decadence and decay of dancing, but must say I can't see any very prominent or evident signs of it as yet, spite of all the disturbing affairs that trouble us here in England now.

"Fox-trot competitions at the Grafton Galleries"

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It's spring. Winter's out and the new long-waisted frocks are in. God (represented by the sun) is frequently seen in his heaven, and all (if they only wouldn't send next year's income-tax demands so prematurely soon), would be all right with the world.

With love, Yours ever,

Blanchette

Comforting!

BY WILMOT LUNT

CUSTOMER *(with week's beard)*: "Do you think that old razor will do it?"
BARBER: "It will, sir—if the handle don't break!"

THE 11th GREEN AT ROEHAMPTON

During the progress of last week's big professional tournament, in which there were sensational happenings. In the 36 holes stroke competition J. H. Taylor alone of the great men of the game gained a place in the first four and the record of the course was twice broken. On the second day Taylor won the match-play tournament between the first four, beating Ockenden in the final

J. OCKENDEN (Raynes Park)

Winner of the 36 holes stroke competition at Roehampton. He achieved two wonderful rounds of 70 and 69 and thereby broke the record of the course

Sports & Pastimes

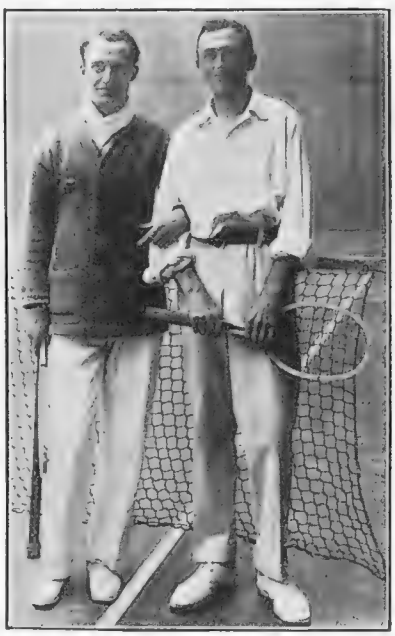
LAWN TENNIS

Cosmopolis at Queen's

As evidence of the world-wide popularity of lawn tennis it is interesting to note that of the sixty-four competitors in the Covered Court Singles Championship at Queen's Club last week, the eight survivors of the third round were a South African, a Swede, two Australians, two Englishmen and two Indians, whilst among the "fallen" were representatives of several other nations, including Russia, Spain, China, New Zealand, and America. It must not, however, be understood from this that the last eight were the eight best competitors in the event, for the luck of the draw often enables some players to "live" longer than others of greater strength, and this happened in one or two cases last week; but you must, nevertheless, be more than an ordinarily good player to survive to the last eight out of sixty-four in a championship held in the heart of London. It is, therefore, evident that the number of lawn tennis playing nations with players of "last eight" calibre is on the increase, and with it the difficulty which our country will experience in holding her own.

The Pick of the Younger Men

With this thought uppermost one naturally followed the doings of the younger players in the tournament with interest. And here, once more, we find that England is "up against it." I am leaving out for the moment the young South African, B. I. C. Norton, because his reputation is already made, and the only question is how far he will be able to enhance it. But of those at Queen's last week whose reputations are still in the making I should pick out C. E. von Braun (the Swede above referred to) and J. D. P. Wheatley, a fellow-countryman of Norton, as the two most promising, with T. Bevan of this country third.



Photographs *Sport and General*

W. H. LAURENTZ (France) AND A. E. BEAMISH (England)

Finalists in the World's Hard Court Lawn Tennis Championship recently held at Copenhagen. Laurentz won by three sets to love

A Forceful Left-hander

Von Braun is left-handed, with a forehand drive that borders on the ferocious. One usually finds that players of this type are comparatively weak on the other side, but von Braun's backhand shots, though less severe, are correctly executed and he places them with a good deal of accuracy. Added to this he has a "kicking" service, which, though seldom unplayable, requires careful handling, and is a thoroughly capable volleyer. It follows from this that it is difficult to attack him on the volley and equally difficult to counter him when he himself adopts a like method of attack. He is apt, in trying to force the pace, to beat himself, but his victory against Norton (even allowing for the fact that Norton was not at his best) stamps him a player who should go far.

(Continued on page 176)

Strikers—In a Strictly Lawn Tennis Sense

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

AT THE COVERED COURTS CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING

At Queen's Club last week sixty-four players competed for the honour of challenging A. H. Gobert for the Singles Championship of the Covered Courts, of which he was the holder. He is here depicted surrounded by a few of them, but all through the later stages of the tournament it was extremely doubtful, owing to the industrial crisis, whether he would be able to get over from France. He was also holder, with R. Lycett, of the Doubles Championship

Experts in Embryo

WHEATLEY is also a player of the enterprising type with a *penchant* for hitting. His style is good and he has no perceptible weakness, but he at present lacks the experience which would enable him to turn his abilities to the best account. This will come if he can get plenty of practice against players better than himself. Bevan has two weaknesses; he is a comparatively poor server, and he cannot punish a lob. These two weaknesses have a common origin, for the service and the smash are closely allied. It seems curious that the importance of these overhead strokes is not properly appreciated by our young players. The service is a most potent weapon of attack, and if you cannot hit a lob hard your opponent can always give himself a chance by putting the ball up into the air. But Bevan has the right temperament for tournament play, and if his military duties (he is an officer in the Guards) admit of it he may quite possibly develop into a player who is armed at all points. But he and Wheatley are still in the embryo stage, whereas von Braun may be said to have emerged from it.

TRIBULATION AND—

Miss Maudsley (in the upper picture) and Miss Hunt in miniature sandstorms of their own creation en route to the 17th green at Birkdale

GOLF

Correct Breathing

IT has been said that there is nothing new under the sun. Most of us know that correct breathing plays an important part, for instance, in swimming and diving, and some of us know that the correct way to run a hundred yards race is to take a deep breath at the start and to try and make it last you till the finish. But I think that there must be quite a number of golfers to whom it will be news that it is possible to improve one's golf by taking thought as to the manner in which one breathes.

"Inspired" Golf

THIS, at any rate, whether it be new or not, is the cure which Mr. R. B. Townshend, ex-treasurer of the Oxford University Golf Club, recommends to the ailing golfer. In a modest and quite entertaining booklet (*Inspired Golf*, Methuen and Co., 2*s.* 6*d.* net) he is careful to explain that his advice is offered, not to the expert golfer, but to the weaker brethren, who cannot get their handicaps down lower than two figures, who feel that there is "something wrong somewhere," and are oppressed with the awful thought that they are getting worse instead of better. Nor does he profess that the remedy is infallible; but he does claim for it that it is worth a patient and extended trial. Briefly put, the prescription is this: You take a deep breath when soling your club behind the ball immediately before taking the upward swing; you hold this breath all through the stroke, and do not exhale until the blow has actually been struck and the club has begun to come away. This is the simple tip whereby he hopes to make a new golfer of you.

Photographs —RELAXATION *Sport and General*

A group of players in the "Ladies Field" Foursomes Competition at Birkdale last week on the lawn in front of the club-house during the luncheon interval

Useful and Entertaining

OF course, as Mr. Townshend humorously explains, "Inspiration" does not absolve you from having to pay heed to any of the old maxims which you have been at so much pains to profit by. It is one thing more to be learnt, and he shows you how this can best be managed without disturbing the other *memoranda* which are written on the tablets of your brain, such as "eye on the ball," "start the club up with the wrists," "grip with the fingers," etc., and in so doing he furnishes us with a treatise which, apart from its main thesis, is quite worth perusal by reason of the excellent advice which it contains and the entertaining way in which it is written.

H. S. S.

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RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

By "The Tout"

"ON THE RAILS"

Sir Henry Walter Gilbey belongs to the regular brigade of race-goers, and of late years has figured prominently as an owner. His horses are trained by Tom Cannon at Ilsley. If you fail to recognise the subject of this cartoon the next time you go racing, at any rate look out for a peculiar shaped bowler hat and a mauve-coloured button-hole That will be Sir Walter

"Henry Walter"

"The Tout" is at it again, and presents this week a familiar figure in club, stand, and paddock. It was inevitable that Sir Walter Gilbey would fall into our artist's net before long, for no caricaturist could resist "Henry Walter" and his curly-brimmed hat. Old Sir Walter never took more than an academic interest in racing, but the present baronet is a very keen racegoer and never misses Newmarket or any other big meeting if he can help it. He possesses some downright opinions and can express them forcibly. You should hear him, for example, on the subject of the stoppage of racing by these periodical strikes! He has had his disappointments in racing—who has not? Paper Money did not turn out nearly as well as he had hoped, but Race Rock, Bridgwater, and several others have done him and his friends some good turns.

"Atty" Engaged

Who said that Mr. "Atty" Persse was a confirmed bachelor? The popular Chattis Hill trainer utterly refutes that absurd notion by becoming engaged to charming and talented Miss Emily Brooke, the daughter of Sir George Brooke, who, like himself, is a sporting Irishman. "Atty" will have to run the gauntlet of the congratulations of all his racing friends when he appears on the racecourse. But when will that be? I don't know. Ask the miners! Mr. Persse has one of the biggest stables in the country at Chattis Hill, and is sure to be turning out plenty of good winners when racing gets restarted. They say that Prince Galahad is all right again. I am glad, for he must be a very good horse when his legs are right. We shall all like to see something more of Tetratema, probably the fastest animal in training.

The Jockeys

I see it stated that G. Bellhouse has been engaged to ride Monarch in the Derby. A pity we have to go to France for riders for our crack colts in the classic races; but there it is, the supply of home talent is not equal to the demand. I know of one owner who is still looking for a suitable jockey for a colt reckoned to have more than an outside chance in the Derby, and he has been to France in vain. The trouble is that if you do not give a good jockey a retainer for the season you are liable to get left in an emergency such as this. By the way, the jockeys are feeling the effects of the strike as much as any section of the racing community. They stand to lose more than most people by the stoppage of racing, especially those who are not enjoying fat retaining fees.

Very Gloomy

I am writing at a time when the nation is discussing the "10 p.m." threat of the transport workers and railwaymen. The irony of it is that they are still racing cheerily at Punchestown and elsewhere in Ireland, whereas here we are in the throes of a deadlock. Derby spring meeting has gone, so has the steeplechase fixture at Hurst Park, and before this issue goes to press Epsom will doubtless be among the cancelled fixtures. Thus will vanish all calculations regarding the Great Metropolitan and the City and Suburban.

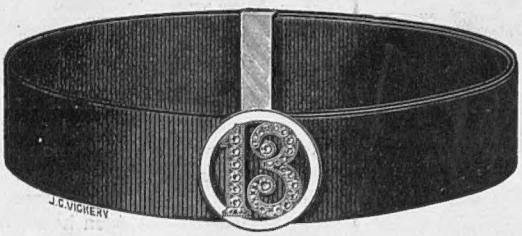
Fate of the Guineas

We are getting nervous now as to the fate of the Guineas. Even the War did not interrupt the continuity of these classic races, but the continuation of the strike will do the trick. It has been suggested that the classic races might be transferred to another date if necessary, but in that case fresh entries would have to be made. According to their own rules the Stewards of the Jockey Club can only postpone a meeting in the week in which it was originally fixed, which means that if the Newmarket First Spring Meeting cannot be brought off next week it will not be held at all.

The Derby

The abandonment of the Craven Stakes and other races in which classic colts were to be given a gallop makes the Derby look more open than ever. It looks as though we shall have to rely mainly on two-year-old form when we endeavour to spot the winner, and that may easily prove to be a broken reed. I notice we are likely to have two competitors from France—Baron E. de Rothschild's Tacite and Mr. A. K. Macomber's The Bohemian. I know little about either of them, but we cannot afford to ignore the Frenchmen after the surprise which Durbar II. sprang on us.

Wear your Lucky Number Mascot



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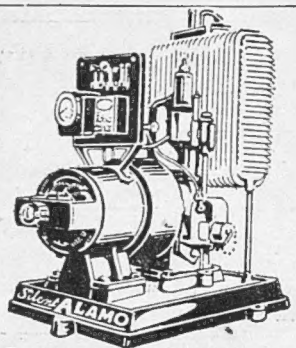

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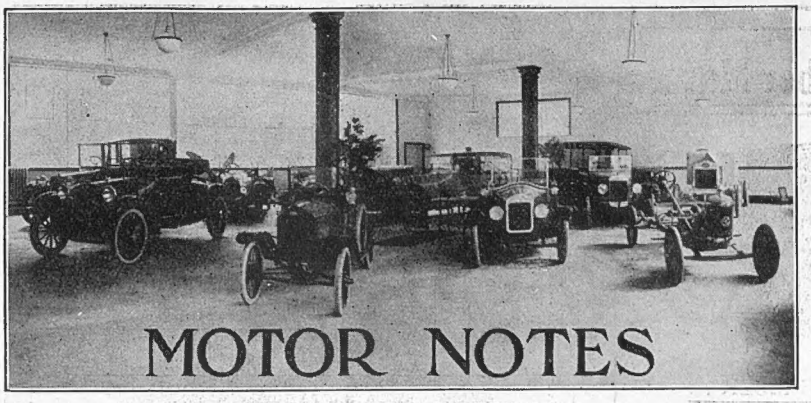
141, Shoreditch High Street, London, E.1.



MOTOR NOTES

EGERTON'S NEW SHOWROOMS

In Great Colman Street, Ipswich. This firm has five motor showrooms in the town, and the above has only recently been opened

IT is a funny thing that everybody thinks anything to do with motors is an Eldorado, and tries to get their share of picking up golden nuggets. After seeing a lot of engineering firms come into the business as a *post-bellum* affair—and make a mess of it—now we have the railway companies trying to get statutory powers to run road motor transport for goods and passengers in opposition to the motor omnibus and road haulage firms. Not content with the powers they hold to run hotels, motor omnibuses to feed their routes, motor waggons to deliver and fetch the goods to be carried by rail, these greedy railway companies want to put everybody else out of business, just like they did the canals and stage-coaches years ago.

ANYWAY, I suggest everybody should expend twopence and buy the White Paper from H.M. Stationery Office and read the reports of the Departmental Committee on this subject that has just been issued. Also, after reading the three reports, all giving different advice, to do all they can to stop the Government giving railways any further powers on our roads. We have had a deuce of a job to get our roads made fit to use, and now, because a little of the cash expended in the past for experimental services appears to look like coming back to the pioneer motor transport firms, the railways want to put their fingers in that pie to pick out the plums.

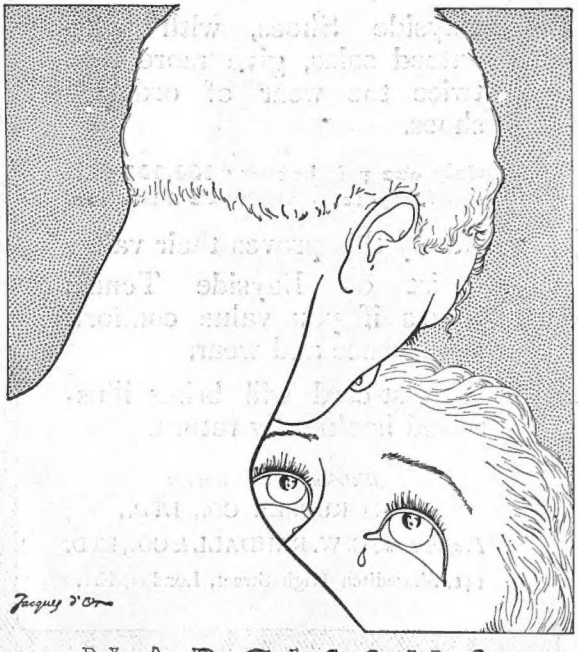
ACCORDING to the statistics of the Ministry of Transport, horse-carriage and motor-driven licences were estimated to produce a sum of £478,125, which represented 1,912,500 persons paying "five-bob" each. What the gee-gee driver pays I don't know, but presuming for the moment there are not a great number of them, it looks as if the Automobile Association has got a million and a half of motoring voters to work upon for its propaganda as a start off for its district committees. Or is that scheme dead now? For little has been heard lately of their doings or their formation except when an election is on. Then, of course, both candidates always agree to the questions put to them, so good-bye to further help, whoever gets in. Still, if a million and a half voters have a motor-driving licence each year, large as this number is the actual motor-users can be reckoned at least at four times this amount, so that it looks as if a motoring political vote is worth while attending to. What do you think?

* * *

BROOKLANDS is going to have a topping meeting on Whit Monday, and Colonel Lindsay Lloyd is going to make a lot of improvements before then for the benefit of the public as regards catering, extra entrances, and other details, so that, though over 11,000 persons were there on Easter Monday, if 20,000 people turn up on Whit Monday they will all be comfortable and get inside the Weybridge

(*Continued on page 182*)

POPE & BRADLEY'S
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W



NARCISSUS

CREATIONS

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE THOUGHT.

All the most beautiful things in life are inarticulate.

The most wonderful books remain unwritten. The most wonderful plays remain unspoken. The most wonderful dreams remain uncaptured.

What is the reason for this delicate silence?

Should the true artist waste the golden hours of life on the writing of a word, whilst in possession of the youth which enables him to love and to live? Should the energy of the fine emotions be prostituted to a pen, whilst the arms are yearning to capture some real creation?

THE WORD.

The illusive millennium always remains on an ever-distant horizon. We merely exist in a savagely commercial age, an age in which we are compelled to work to provide a material minimum. And if we are fortunate we are rewarded by an occasional kiss from Life.

None of us to-day can afford to be anything but materialistic. Materialism is the only thing understood or accounted of value. But if we are constrained to struggle in this pestilential morass we must concede to it no more than necessity compels.

Materialism has laid its slimy trail on creative literature, and has made niggards of us all.

THE DEED.

And so to-day Commerce is niggardly with her fruits to you and to me.

This House should really charge a unique figure for its material creations. But that figure would be beyond the capacity of the majority whose spending powers have been over-reached.

Therefore, since trade has been maintained, the charges have been reduced to mere production costs. And at the end of 1921 my Income Tax return will represent a complete simplicity. Nought from nought leaves nothing.

This is a sad fact for me and the Chancellor. But I hope we are both sportsmen.

Virtue is, on rare occasions, rewarded, and this sacrifice of profits will create a wonderful good will for Pope & Bradley. Which is really an original thing to create in these days of universal bad will.

The following prices, which will be maintained throughout the year, are actually quoted at cost. This may sound like a beautiful lie, but to me it is a disturbing truth. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Overcoats from £8 8s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

Would you like to look 20 years younger?

When you are standing before your Mirror, you have often smoothed upwards and backwards with the finger-tips the loose skin round your eyes, mouth, etc.; and you will have quickly observed that this straightening of tell-tale lines has made you look younger. You have observed that while holding the skin there you have looked 20 years younger and have wished that it were possible to keep your face firm for ever. Not only is it possible now, by a most scientific and highly successful method, to lift your face painlessly and harmlessly without interfering with your daily duties, but also to remove the wrinkles around your eyes and lines from nose to mouth as well as the double chin, and to correct the scragged neck and imperfect nose.

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED CASES CAN BE SEEN AT THE INSTITUTE

If you are interested in the latest scientific methods for restoring Facial Beauty, you are invited to call for a free consultation. Over 6,000 cases successfully treated, including the smartest women of Europe.

ESTABLISHED 1910.

Hours from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

The following are a few of the facial imperfections which can be corrected permanently from within one hour. Absolutely painless and harmless. This treatment is undoubtedly the greatest foe Father Time has ever been faced with, or is ever likely to:

1. *Sagging Face:*	*When the cheeks have drooped and the facial contour is lost. (Restored in one hour.)*
2. *Double Chin:*	*The looseness of skin and the fat accumulation are permanently removed in one hour.*
3. *Loose Skin under the Eyes:*	*By removing the loose skin and wrinkles, the eyes are made attractive and beautiful. (Corrected in one hour.)*
4. *Overhanging Eyebrows:*	*By tightening the superfluous skin under the eyebrows a wonderful rejuvenating effect is produced. (Corrected in one hour.)*
5. *Frown between the Eyes:*	*These lines are removed in 15 minutes and the face made to look pleasant once again.*
6. *Lines from Nose to Mouth:*	*Removed in 15 minutes.*
7. *Saddle Nose:*	*Corrected in 30 minutes into a perfect straight nose.*
8. *Outstanding Ears:*	*Set back in one hour.*
9. *Receding Chin:*	*Corrected in 15 minutes.*
Etc.	*Etc. Etc.*

***The* HYSTOGEN INSTITUTE,**

40, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1

£750 *Value for Money*

"READY FOR THE ROAD"—IN THE FULLEST SENSE OF THE PHRASE—AND MOUNTED WITH THE FINEST QUALITY ENGLISH COACH-BUILT BODY. CHASSIS PRICE **£550** COMPLETE WITH

C.A.V. Lighting and Starting;
Five Lamps;
Clock;
Speedometer;
4-Speed Gearbox;
Cantilever Suspension;
5 Wheels and Tyres.

"WHAT IS THE BEST CAR OF THE YEAR?"

"Daily Dispatch," Nov. 4, '20. "... After the most exhaustive examination into the relative 'value-for-money' of the numerous cars exhibited at this year's Olympia Motor Show, in my considered judgment the 1921 model of the 16 h.p. Talbot-Darracq is in every respect the car as representing 'value-for-money'..."—W. H. Berry.

The same writer states in the "Evening Standard," Mar. 4, '21. "... After nearly 2,000 miles with the Talbot-Darracq on the road, however, I have nothing to take back from my original opinion, that she is the best value in cars in her class in 1921."

THIS IS THE NEW PRICE OF THE

16 h.p. TALBOT-DARRACQ

DECREASED production costs, owing to intelligent co-operation between the various firms associated with the Darracq Company: the reduction in labour costs in the principal Foundries and Stamping Plant of the combined Companies at Suresnes; a heavy reduction in the cost of raw material, and the whole 1921 output of the 16-h.p. model contracted for by agents, added to which the sales in France have been much heavier than anticipated. All these facts have resulted in a further large series of this model being placed in production, a drop of £100 in price, and the further upholding of the Darracq Company's "value-for-money" policy, which gives its customers the *immediate* benefit of the improved industrial outlook.

Catalogues and all details from our Head Office, and trial runs arranged.

TALBOT-DARRACQ

Townmead Road, Fulham, London, S.W.6
Showrooms: 150, New Bond St., London, W.1

Técla Pearls are Worn by Many of the World's Most Beautiful Women

The inference is obvious!

The resemblance between Técla Pearls and Oriental Pearls is so perfect, so complete, that even women of wealth and beauty cannot be beguiled into paying the fabulous cost of deep sea gems when the difference between Oriental Pearls and Técla Pearls is neither apparent to them nor visible to others.

Técla

(The London Técla Gem Co. Ltd)

7 Old Bond Street, London

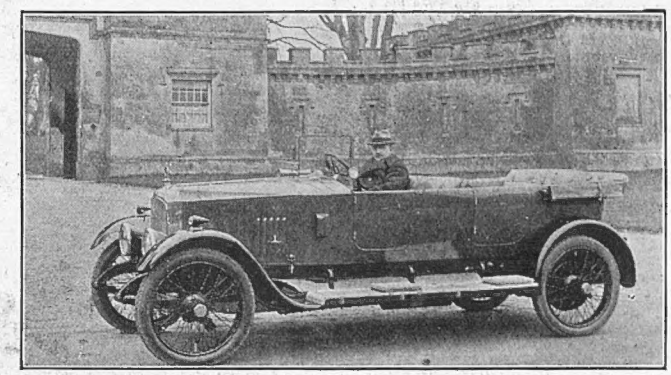
10 Rue de la Paix, Paris
398 Fifth Avenue, New York

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

enclosures without any undue delay. As for next year, we are going to have a 3-litre race in the Isle of Man, another for 1½-litre cars, and perhaps one for cycle-cars as well, besides the Scottish Reliability Trials for cars of all classes. As regards the Isle of Man races, it is about time the inhabitants of that islet gave a subsidy towards the expenses of the Royal Automobile Club in running these races, which help to fill the pockets of the Manxmen out of those of the visitors who are attracted there by the races. In the past the Club has paid the cost of putting the roads into condition, a sum of £250, or thereabouts. I think the island can manage to do this itself next year, especially as the three races proposed will bring even a larger number of visitors there than ever. Anyway, I throw out this suggestion to the Manx Motor Club to work up into a practical bid for fame by getting up a subscription list for this good cause.

* * *

Up to March 7 the number of motor-cycles registered in the United Kingdom was 186,200, the number of private cars was 202,000, and the number of commercial motors 159,200, while 8,700 agricultural, road locomotives, motor ploughs and motor tractors make up a grand total of 556,100 motors that pay licences in this country. Now, with these figures before them, the motor trade have a chance of estimating what is the annual absorption of motor vehicles each year, so that all this wild talk of mass production and the demand for it can be boiled down to actual facts. For the life of me I cannot see that the private car business in England can do with more than 50,000 cars of all sorts being made each year, as that is 25 per cent. of the cars on the road at the moment, yet one hears of individual firms thinking of producing 20,000 cars per annum. Perhaps the motor trade owe a bigger debt of gratitude to the Ministry of Transport than they imagined by producing the statistics referred to. They should help to keep them on the right lines of supply and demand, and so avoid any more slumps in the future.



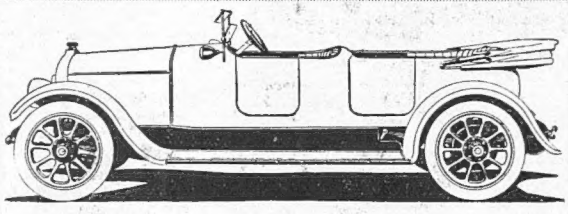
A 25 H.P. VAUXHALL-KINGTON

Which has just come to a standstill outside Luton Hoo Park. Vauxhall cars combine reliability with speed and comfort

* * *

Expensive things are slumps for everybody concerned, as they don't do the public any real good any more than they benefit the manufacturers. The way to avoid them is by cutting out over-production or cutting one's coat according to the cloth demanded by the public. Yet I will bet there are few British motor-making firms who can tell you how many cars of under 12 h.p., 15 h.p., 20 h.p., 30 h.p., and 50 h.p. are on the road to-day, so as to judge the possible home market in these different powers, any more than when the 12-cylinder Sunbeam did a lap at Brooklands on Easter Monday at 120 miles an hour, ten visitors—if as many—remembered that the old six-cylinder Napier did 119.34 miles per hour there in November, 1908, which shows how things do not progress as fast as people imagine, though Time does go on its persistent trail with due regularity. Printing is credited with being the "art preservative of all art," but we poor scribes cannot seem to preserve the business of motors from its troubles, however much ink we may sling. But here's hoping.

OLD HY.



The 25 h.p. TALBOT is one of the most successful models ever introduced by the Company. For reliability, durability and efficiency, combined with low upkeep cost (the petrol consumption under touring conditions averages 18/21 miles to the gallon) this car is unbeatable. Hereunder we give prices of the three models for the 1921 season.

The CLEMENT-TALBOT CO. Ltd., have pleasure in announcing a price reduction in all three models; the 25 h.p., the 36 h.p. 6-cyl., and the 15 h.p. This reduction has been made possible by the intelligent and intensive co-operation between the various Companies associated with the Clement-Talbot Company, added to a considerable drop in the cost of labour in the principal Foundries and Stamping Plant of the Combined Companies at Suresnes; this, in addition to the heavy fall in the price of raw material, has reduced production costs enough to warrant the new prices.

CURRENT PRICES.

15 h.p.	Chassis	£795
25 h.p.	do	£850
36 h.p. 6-cyl. ..	do	£950

Catalogues and all details will be posted on application, and trial runs arranged by appointment.

INVINCIBLE TALBOT

The first car in the world to cover 100 miles within the hour.

CLEMENT-TALBOT LIMITED.

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Telephone: Park 5000 (4 lines).

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Special attention given to Orders received by Post.

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